

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come sit downe; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,  
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

*Her.* Come on then, and giu't me in mine care.

*Leon.* Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer  
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them  
Euen to their Ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,

In being so blest? There may be in the Cup

A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,

And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge

Is not infected) but if one present

Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne

How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and scene the Spider:

*Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pandar:

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I

Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick

For them to play at will: how came the Posternes

So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authority,

Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,

On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.

Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you

Haue too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? Sport?

*Leo.* Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,

Away with him, and let her sport her selfe

With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*

Hi's made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not;

And Ile be sworne you would belceue my saying,

How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

*Leo.* You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about

To say she is a goodly Lady, and

The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde

'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;

Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,

(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight

The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands

That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,

That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare

Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,

When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,

Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne

(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)

Shee's an Adulteresse.

*Her.* Should a Villaine say so,

(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Doebut mistake.

*Leo.* You haue mistooke (my Lady)

*Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,

(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vse to all degrees,

And mannerly distinguishingment leaue out,

Betwixt the Prince and Begger: I haue said

Shee's an Adulteresse, I haue said with whom:

More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is

A Federarie with her, and one that knowes

What she should shame to know her selfe,

But with her most vild Principall: that shee's

A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those

That Vulgars giue bold't Titles; I, and priuy

To this their late escape.

*Her.* No (by my life)

Priuy to none of this: how will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say

You did mistake.

*Leo.* No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build vpon,

The Centre is not bigge enough to beare

A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:

He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,

But that he speakes.

*Her.* There's some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heauens looke

With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,

I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex

Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew

Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue

That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes

Worse then Teares drown: befeech you all (my Lords)

With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The Kings will be perform'd.

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? befeech your Highnes

My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)

There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris

Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,

As I come out; this Action I now goe on,

Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now

I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

*Leo.* Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

*Lord.* Befeech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

*Antig.* Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice

Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,

Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

*Lord.* For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)

Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse

I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane

In this, which you accuse her.)

*Antig.* If it proue

Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:

For euery ynh of Woman in the World,

I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,

If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my Lord,

*Antig.* It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

You are abus'd, and by some putter on,

That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

*Enter Paulina, a Gentlewoman*

*Paul.* The Keeper of the prison

Let him haue knowledge who

No Court in Europe is too good

What dost thou then in prison

You know me, do you not?

*Gao.* For a worthy Lady,

And one, who much I honour

*Paul.* Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queene.

*Gao.* I may not (Madam)

To the contrary I haue expres

*Paul.* Here's a-do, to locke

Th'access of gentle visitors.

To see her Women? Any of th

*Gao.* So please you (Madam)

To put a-part these your atten

Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

*Paul.* I pray now call her:

With-draw your selues.

*Gao.* And Madam,

I must be present at your Com

*Paul.* Well: be't so: preth

Heere's such a-do, to make

As passes colouring. Deare

How fares our gracious Lady

*Emil.* As well as one so gre

May hold together: On her fi

(Which neuer tender Lady ha

She is, something before her

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a g

Lusty, and like to liue: the

Much comfort in't: Sayes, my

I am innocent as you,

*Paul.* I dare be sworne:

These dangerous, vn safe Lun

He must be told on't, and he

Becomes a woman best. Ile t

If I proue hony-mouth'd, let

And neuer to my red-look'd

The Trumpet any more: pray

Commend my best obedience

If she dares trust me with her

I'll shew't the King, and vnd

Her Advocate to th'lowd'st.

How he may soften at the sight

The silence often of pure inno

Perfwades, when speaking fai

*Emil.* Most worthy Madam

your honor, and your goodne

That your free vndertaking ca

A thriving yssue: there is no

So meete for this great errand

To visit the next roome, Ile p

Acquaint the Queene of your

Who, but to day hammered o

But durst not tempt a minister

Least she should be deny'd.

*Exeunt*